



PRAIRIE FLYER

The Magazine of
No. 32 S.F.T.S. (R.A.F.)

Moose Jaw, Saskatchewan - Canada

Vol. 2. No. 1

10^c

JULY, 1942

FOR A SUIT TO FIT THE OCCASION, AND THE MAN!

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PRAIRIE FLYER

THE MAGAZINE OF
No. 32 S.F.T.S.
R.A.F.

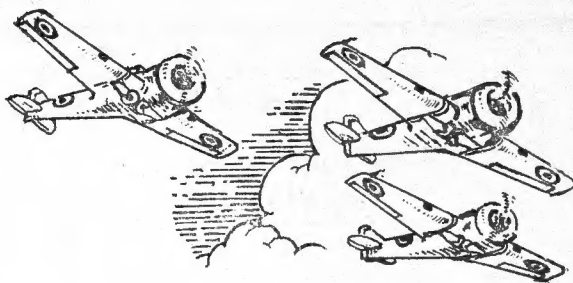
Moose Jaw - - Sask.
Canada

Published by Kind
Permission of
Group Captain
C. E. H. James, M.C.



EDITOR:
LAC. E. C. G. COLLINS

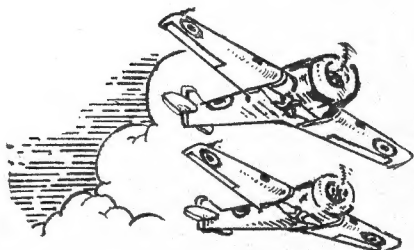
COMMITTEE:
CPL. T. B. JONES
LAC. J. MORTON
CPL. H. R. PRIESTMAN
LAC T. S. M. GARD



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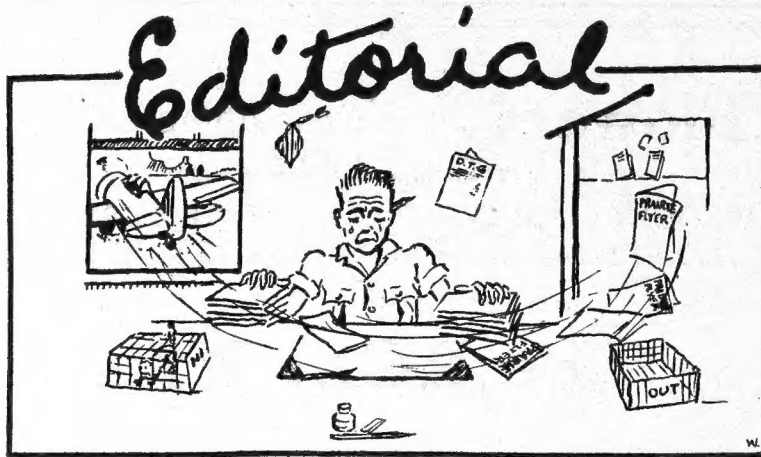
Have You a Camera for Sale?

Bring it in and let us quote you a price on it.



Leonard Fysh
LIMITED

24 High W. Phone 2660



THIS is the first issue of our second volume. We hope you approve the new cover design, the better quality paper and the change in make-up of certain pages. If you have any criticisms or suggestions we shall be pleased to have them—only in this manner can we continue to improve the magazine.

On page twenty you will find a short article entitled "Facts and Figures". This shows the "Prairie Flyer" to be in a very healthy financial condition, and now that we have a fair amount in reserve some dispensation of profits will be made in the near future.

We take this opportunity of welcoming the recent arrivals on the camp, and for their benefit would set out a few details concerning what is now their magazine.

The first number appeared on August 15th last year, and two main objects were the aim of its founders—here let us quote from the first editorial: "It (the magazine) has for its object the promotion of good feeling, interest and morale within the Camp and to create an outlet for the literary and artistic talent at present lying dormant within the confines of the school." To these may be added one other which, the longer we stay the greater grows its import—to provide a historical record of the unit's sojourn in Canada.

We have done our best to fulfil these aims, and while we may have made mistakes, we sincerely believe we have been more successful than was ever anticipated in the beginning. But only a small proportion of the credit is due to us. It is due in greater part to the splendid co-operation received from all sections on the Camp and our friendly advertisers in Moose Jaw.

This happy state can continue only if you, the newcomers, will do your part in helping us. We need your help. We need your contributions, drawings, etc., and we need them urgently. If any of you have had any journalistic or publishing experience in civil life we want to hear from you. Will you help us to make this magazine what many consider it to be already—the best service magazine in Canada. We'll do our part—will you do yours?

E. C.

Words of Wisdom

"Victory is a thing of the will."

General Ferdinand Foch



Flowers *are always appreciated*

We Have Them For All Occasions

WEDDING BOUQUETS — POT PLANTS
CUT FLOWERS—FUNERAL WREATHS AND SPRAYS

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THE *Padre's* PAGE

To sing one's swan song is not easy, particularly after being so happy on the Station during the sixteen months I have been here. My happiness has been due, in no small measure, to the help and co-operation of all ranks. Of course, it's only natural that airmen should be nowhere to be found when the Church wants cleaning—but we have all got on very well together, and that is the thing that really matters from a padre's point of view. Perhaps I may have been able to help some of you—and I am quite sure you will be able to talk to my successor as freely as many of you, I am glad to feel, have done to me.

The Station Church has been an established fact since my first few weeks here, and I am proud to feel that it is one of the best, as it certainly was one of the earliest churches on any Service Station in Canada. There we have met together for worship, and to receive God's help in the battle of life. There several of us have gone in order to spend a few moments quietly, and so be fitter for our job.

During my time here I have officiated at thirty-two weddings—and there have been several other weddings of various denominations. Probably a few more will take the same course in due time; meanwhile, baptisms are inevitably coming along.

A recent creation has been the Airmen's Welfare Committee, of which the Commanding Officer did me the honour of asking me to act as chairman. I am sure that not only representatives on this committee but many others on the Camp will agree that we have been able to do much useful work already, and I wish this committee all the best in the future.

Many people find themselves faced with religious difficulties. We should approach Christianity as a cow eats in a pasture. When she finds something which she cannot at the moment eat, she does not refuse to eat anything in that pasture, but continues to eat quietly what she can. She seems to have the good sense to know that other creatures may be able to consume what she cannot, and that perhaps later on, she too may find that edible. So with Christianity. If we cannot accept everything, let us take what we can and remember that what is indigestible now may be understood with ease next year.

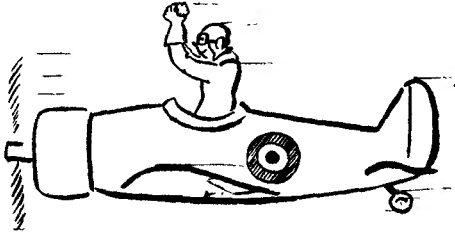
Finally, let us resolve to be energetic, active, not passive, in our faith. A person who is taking part seriously in some outdoor sport goes into training, denies himself certain things which others enjoy, makes various sacrifices and takes various forms of exercise in order to become and remain fit. Again, a nation has its athletes, men and women who sacrifice and train themselves to save the people. So, in our religion, we can be the athletes of God, serving with sacrifice Him who loves us. Many of the parables turn on energy. Jesus admires the widow who *will* have justice; the vigorous man who found the treasure and made sure of it; the friend at midnight who hammered, hammered, hammered till he got his loaves. It has been said that "all other faults or deficiencies Christ could tolerate, but he could have neither part nor lot with men destitute of enthusiasm."

Let us put our faith into practice, be enthusiastic over it, and earn, as our prize, the commendation of our Master—"Well done, thou good and faithful servant".

DONALD A. FOSTER.

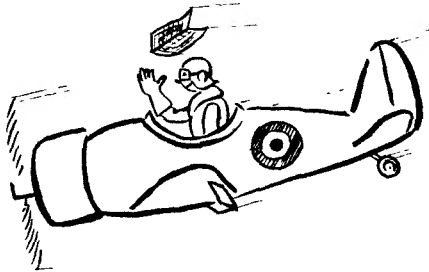


Pride Goes Before a Fall!



"Boy! Am I good," thought
the pilot u/t.,

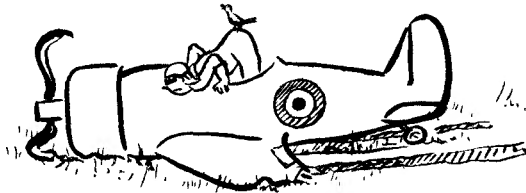
"I've made a cross-country,
there are no flies on me."



He throttled her back and put down his flaps,
"This cross-country's a snip—I could do without maps!"

Yes, he thought too much of
what he had done

And completely forgot he'd no
legs to stand on!



In Reply

Due to an incident of which most of us are aware, a misunderstanding has arisen between the "Prairie Flyer" and some airmen on the Camp. We, the Editor and Committee, therefore feel that an explanation of the situation might assist in clearing the air.

It is true that certain opinions were expressed and some members of the Committee were implicated, but we wish to point out that these were *personal* opinions expressed by these men in their capacity as individuals and *not* as members of the Committee. The Editor and Committee as such did not intend either to uphold or criticise these opinions.

The whole idea when they were received was to ascertain if permission would be granted for their publication, and then, if this was granted, ask the parties criticised to write their own answers and publish them alongside these criticisms. In this manner it was hoped that the magazine would become a medium for debate of issues outside of normal Station duties and at the same time make a page of interesting reading.

The course events took are deeply regretted and were not foreseen. It was most definitely not our intention to spoil anybody's fun. The criticisms were outspoken, but criticisms always are, and those against whom they were directed would have had an opportunity of expressing themselves in the same terms.

In conclusion, we wish to state that it is our desire to publish material which you wish to read, and as long as we continue in our present capacities this will be our goal.

—THE EDITOR AND COMMITTEE.

Unsung Hero

*He wears a suit of faded blue, no "brevvy" on his chest,
And you'll find more streaks of engine oil than medals on his breast.
He doesn't sit behind the guns of a multi-engined plane,
Or fly a graceful fighter high above the clouds and rain.
He wields a crafty spanner and a bit of oily rag,
While the other fellow shoots the line and boasts about his "bag".
He works in mud and sleet and rain and curses this senseless war,
And wonders ninety times a day what he joined the Air Force for.
He's just an English Fitter II—nothing more or less,
And he wears a pair of overalls instead of battledress;
When you've handed out the D.F.C.'s and D.F.M.'s and such,
Spare a thought for the unknown fitter, he doesn't ask for much;
Just shake him by the hand and smile, and know he did a lot
To make the "kites" airworthy for the man who fired the shot.*

"AN ERK"

(With acknowledgments to "Comrades in Arms",
Co-op. News, 18-5-42, Manchester.)

Razors pain you; rivers are damp;
Acid stains you; and drugs cause cramp;
Guns aren't lawful; nooses give;
Gas smells awful; so you might as well live.
—Dorothy Parker.

A Pilot's Lament

Twice a week for half an hour
 Pilots' faces turn quite sour,
 And should you stop to query why,
 Just listen to their plaintive cry:
 *"Why do they have to pick on me
 To do this blankety-blank P.T.?"*

Stand up! Sit down! Now full knee bend!
 Tortured and tired—this is the end.
 I flew last night till half-past three;
 I'd be asleep were I but free.
 *Why do they have to pick on me
 To do this blankety-blank P.T.?"*

In motley garb and serried ranks,
 Bouncing around like baby tanks.
 Dust and tempers rise together.
 I am at the end of my tether.
 *Why do they have to pick on me
 To do this blankety-blank P.T.?"*

Will it never end, has time stood still?
 Faces are paling, I feel quite ill.
 If I leave this drill hall alive,
 I'll swear next time I'm thirty-five.
 *Why do they have to pick on me
 To do this blankety-blank P.T.?"*

Apart from the sweat and tears and strain,
 What of the pupils we have to train?
 What benefit can they be gaining
 From their instructors' muscle training?
 *Why do they have to pick on me
 To do this blankety-blank P.T.?"*

Lost are hours of much useful "driving",
 To be regained with ceaseless striving.
 We may get fit, there's no denying,
 But we feel much worse losing the flying.
 *Why do they have to pick on me
 To do this blankety-blank P.T.?"*

Cables may break and rudders bend,
 Wings may fall off and fabric rend;
 I'm much too fit to feel the "G",
 So why do they have to pick on me—
 *Why do they have to pick on me
 To do this blankety-blank P.T.?"*

—J. G. B. H.



To Pilots Under 35

*The above is but a plaintive cry
Of you who daily tour the sky,
But do not stop to think a bit
Of why you should keep very fit.*

*Half the time you sit in a chair,
On the ground or else in the air;
The other half is spent, I fear,
Sleeping, eating or drinking beer.
Exercise you do not relish
In the form of this P.T. fetish.*

*It is to you a ruddy bore,
Trotting around the dusty floor.
I know it always was to me
When I first started on P.T.
I employed all means to evade
That violent form of a parade.*

*On looking back, I must admit,
I'd spend two hours getting a chit:
"My leg is sore, I've hurt my knee.
Today I cannot do P.T."
But the M.O. you seldom foil—
"Give this man some Castor Oil."*

*All my tricks I tried in turn,
But my freedom could not earn;
For the Adj. was too hard of heart,
And always beat me to the start.
The dice were loaded—what of me?
I've always had to do P.T.*

*As time wore on I found my chest
Expanding out beyond my vest.
The aches and pains, they soon wore off,
And I forgot my smoker's cough.
My legs, once knobbly at the knees,
Do credit to friend Hercules.*

*This is not meant as good advice
For you pilots who daily "dice",
Though here's a tip I would pass on—
An unfit man has never won
A battle, and he never will.
So, how about that P.T. "Pill"?*

—G. L. B.



Pilsner

*tops in flavor
tops in popularity*

TO OUTSELL

Pilsner

MUST EXCEL

THE REGINA BREWING CO., LTD.

178-8

The advertisement is a black and white illustration. At the top, the word "Pilsner" is written in a large, stylized, cursive font. Below it, on the left, is a profile of a woman's head looking upwards. In the center is a bottle of beer. To the right of the bottle is a winged figure, possibly a cherub or a personification of the wind, holding a banner. Below the bottle and the winged figure, the words "tops in flavor" and "tops in popularity" are written in a cursive script. Below this, there is a rectangular box containing the words "TO OUTSELL" in a bold, sans-serif font. Below the box is a large, dark, flowing banner with the word "Pilsner" written in a stylized, gothic font. Below the banner is another rectangular box containing the words "MUST EXCEL" in a bold, sans-serif font. At the bottom of the advertisement, the words "THE REGINA BREWING CO., LTD." are written in a small, sans-serif font. In the bottom right corner, the number "178-8" is printed.

BITS and PIECES

BY F.F.F.

Mr. Ponsonby is still in poetic mood, we are sad to relate. . . . His latest effort is "cornier" than ever:

"The Devil made the wind to blow
The ladies' skirts knee high—
The Lord was just,
He raised the dust
To blind the bad man's eye".

QUOTATION

If you are caught between two evils,
choose the cheaper!

1st Erk: "It is
easy to write a
play—First Act:
Boy meets Girl.
Second Act: They
hold hands. Third
Act: They kiss .
....."

2nd Erk: "Yes,
I know. Even so,
I got arrested."

1st Erk: "What-
ever for?"

2nd Erk: "I
wrote a five-act
play!"

DEFINITION

Reformer: A person who can see a
dirty meaning in a clean joke!

PONSONBY PONDERERS

Strange how ever since Nelson gave
the command "England Expects . . . ,"
England has been known as the "Mother
Country".

He: Hello, cutie! Don't you believe in
love at first sight?

She: All depends on who's in sight,
big boy!

HEARD AT THE C.P.R.

"Give me a round trip ticket."

"Where to?"

"Back here, of course, you fool!"

POTTED PROVERBS—No. 1

Greater faith hath no woman than
this: That she cancel an order for Pot
Roast because her husband hath gone
fishing!

THIS MONTH'S HOWLER

A census-taker
is a man who
goes around from
house to house
increasing the
population!

We'll Have To
Feel Our Way,
Mr. Ponsonby . . .

HEARD IN THE BLACKOUT

the Battle of Hastings, a young chival-
rous knight, Sir Walter Raleigh, was
walking through Coventry, a suburb of
Plymouth, when he espied a lovely lady,
naked and riding on a white horse—
Lady Godiva.

"He went up to her, flung off his vel-
vet coat, and handing it to her, said,
'Honi soit qui mal y pense', which,
being translated into English, means
'Thy need is greater than mine'; where-
upon Lady Godiva took the cloak, reply-
ing, 'Dieu et mon droit,' which, being
translated into English, means, 'My God!
you're right!'"

A class of
school-boys were
called upon to
write an essay
on the following
historical mot-
toes: "Honi Soit
Qui Mal Y
Pense" and "Dieu
et Mon Droit".

One potential
historian wrote:

"Just before

The R.O.T.B. Society

(Moose Jaw Lodge No. 32)

Illustrious Caliph - - - F/O JOSEPH SOPE, R.S.V.P.
(A man who has been on many Boats)

Patrons - - - - - SAMMY HALL; SALOME

APPLICATION for ENROLMENT

(NOTE.—This form to be filled in by all joining members. Please write on one side of the paper only.)

No. Rank Name

Are you married (Yes or No) No. of children (approx.)

Terms of Service (be brief)

No. of years you have been overseas (be truthful)

State on which boats you have sailed (be polite)

In what countries have you been stationed? (be reasonable)

(NOTE.—The following do *not* count as overseas service:

Isle of Wight, Isle of Man, Northern Ireland, and the Lowlands of Scotland.)

Do you use the Corporals' Room? Why?

No. of times you have been:—

- | | |
|-------------------------|------------------------|
| (a) Admonished | } R.A.F. Service only. |
| (b) On Jankers | |
| (c) In the cooler | |
| (d) Recommended | |

Have you ever:—

- | | |
|----------------------------|-------------------------------|
| (a) Drilled a Squad? | } If not, state your excuse:— |
| (b) Picked up Paper? | |
| (c) Called the Roll? | |

Is your wife in Canada?

If not, state week-end address

Do you pay Income Tax?

If not, why do you attend Pay Parade?

No. of G.C.B.'s (if none, get some in)

Can you swim?

I hereby certify that I make this application unbiased by the S.W.O. or other authority and in the belief that the boat will some day arrive.

Signature

FEES: Officers - - - 15c
N.C.O.'s - - - 20c
Erks - - - 25c

(Y.M.C.A. bottles and tickets accepted in part payment.)

Amenities offered by the Society:
Preference on all new blue.
Insurance against fines.
Free train ride to port of embarkation.
Private hammock on board ship

A PERFECT evening in the late summer of 1937, an evening that could have been spent pleasantly lazing around the new pool or flirting across the bar at the "Fox" with the new barmaid.

No such luck, though, for Pilot Officer Blank for here he was ferrying the big "Brass Hat".

Blank was by no means a nervous type but he felt that his every move was being closely watched. It was extremely difficult to concentrate on the job in hand when his mind would keep roaming back to the events of the day and to thoughts of what he might have been doing on the promenade at H——, the nearest and brightest spot to his station.

The "Big Noise" had arrived early that morning, and even before Colour Hoisting things had commenced to go wrong. From his position on the flank of "B" Flight, Blank had seen the two lanky members of the Guard of Honour fumble and almost drop their rifles. Two whole weeks of rehearsals had gone by without a hitch, and now on the great day that would happen.

The "Brass Hat" had seen it, too. This was obvious from the way he stopped during the inspection to size the two victims up and down. A dozen times during the Squadron inspection he had stopped and tugged at packs, adjusted here, pushed there. Then, tragedy of tragedies, someone in "B" Flight was asked to reveal the contents of his pack. The perfectly flat top and sides proved to be lengths of cardboard and plywood and the contents consisted of one neatly folded blanket, so much lighter, of course, than the regulation greatcoat and mess tin, etc.

The aircraft were drawn up in flights for inspection. Blank had stood smartly at the nose of his "Sara Cloud" with the other members of the crew while the "Big Noise" inspected his machine. A few minutes and out they came, and horror! what was the Flight Commander handing him. Impossible, it could not

He Who Laughs Last

★ This, we are assured, is a true story. If any reader is able to confirm this statement, the Editor will be glad to hear from him.

be; but yes, it was a Yankee "Blood and Thunder" magazine found in the Wireless Ops. drawer.

Now, as if in punishment for his crime, P/O Blank was given the honour of flying the "Brass Hat" to his next Station. The "big man" sat there silent and although conversation was a

little trying in a noisy machine, Blank would have welcomed a friendly chat to help him keep his mind on his job.

Once or twice he had tried to break the ice but replies had been blunt and brief, and at last he had given up in disgust. Suddenly, the "Brass Hat" shouted a request to be permitted to take over the controls, and so Blank sat there more morbid than ever, although a little surprised that the bumps, he felt sure were caused by outside elements, had somewhat subsided.

They were at last circling over L—— on S——. Blank could see the hangars, runways, etc., and the stretch of water at the side that served as a landing for the seaplanes.

He recalled previous trips to this "land and water 'drome" and the evening he had really painted the town red with some of his old friends from his S.F.T.S. Tonight, however, he could not even pay another visit to the town; his orders were to land the "Brass Hat" and return home immediately.

But what was happening. The "Cloud" had circled the 'drome and was now making an approach to land. "Sir," began Blank, "your wheels, your wheels!" The "big man" turned and froze him with a stern glance. "I am well aware of that," he bawled above the noise of the motors. The "Cloud" turned slightly and now the approach turned out to be intended for a landing of the amphibian on the stretch of water. Blank realised he had "boobed" again and settled back in his seat feeling worse than ever.

The "kite" settled down perfectly and taxied toward the pier, and as she finally

• Continued on page 22

by D. A. H.

To Maintenance Wing

After surviving two rumours and two attachments, I have been finally and irrevocably posted from No. 32. What's more, for the past five days I've tried to write an appropriate farewell message to you and the Station—one with "zipp" and a snappy quirk, but no, it won't come. So to cut a long story short, what I want to say is this: Through your efforts and co-operation we produced the most efficient and smoothest running maintenance unit that has ever been seen. Also, as a result of your support, my job as your Commanding Officer has been a pleasant one and a privilege. For all this I thank you, and if you give the same support to my successor, your fame will continue to spread and he will, I have no doubt, become as proud of you as I am.

The very best of luck to you all, and I hope we meet again.

GORDON BEST.

* * * *

(The message reproduced above was sent to the "Prairie Flyer" by Wing Commander G. L. Best, until quite recently Officer Commanding Maintenance Wing. I am sure all concerned would wish me, on their behalf, to thank him for his kind words and to reciprocate his good wishes. Whether we are the ones who deserve the laurels may

leave some of us a wee bit doubtful, but there is no doubt that we were very sorry to see him go and his familiar figure will be missed on the station in both working and sporting spheres. We wish him the very best of luck in his new job and feel confident that the personnel of his new Station will hold him in the same high esteem that we do here.—Ed.)

The men of a certain A.A. Battery had to be at their positions within three minutes of an air raid alarm being received. For some time they had nothing to do, and the C.O. warned them that he would give a trial alarm to test their efficiency. In the middle of the night, the alarm sounded, and the men tumbled over one another to get to their posts. But they were all pulled up suddenly by an officer. "All right," he said, "No hurry. It's not the trial, it's a raid."

Connaught Billiard Hall

THE ONE PLACE WHERE YOU WILL FIND GOOD
EQUIPMENT AND AN AGREEABLE ATMOSPHERE

You Will Enjoy a Game on Our Tables

BASEMENT WALTER SCOTT BLDG.
COR. MAIN AND HIGH STREETS YOU'LL SEE THE SIGN

The Same Old Story

In olden days there was no fuss
 About the catching of a 'bus;
 There never was an awful "blitz"
 About a dinner at the Ritz;
 There were no 'phones to ring at night
 And wake the sleeper with a fright;
 No radios to blare all day,
 Or while the weary hours away;
 No aeroplanes, swift as a bird;
 No roar of engines to be heard;
 The noise of battles in those years
 Was not so deafening to the ears:
 There were no railways. Trains, electric
 Were unknown. Life wasn't hectic.

But even though we've heard before
 About the joyful days of yore,
 The pomp of Tyre and Babylon
 And Nineveh, and Ispahan,
 Some things don't change. The Roman Erk,
 Tempted often-times to lurk
 In bed, instead of rising early,
 Was kicked by a Centurion burly.
 Crusaders far across the foam
 Got real "brownd-off", and longed for home.
 And Knights in search of Holy Grail,
 E'en then knew where to get good ale!

The main thing, though, you will agree,
 That hasn't changed in History:—
 The Roman soldiers no doubt waited
 Years and years for boats belated;
 Greeks and Trojans had their dreams
 About the coming of Triremes. . . .
 And even so it is today—
 Roll On The Boat (down Moose Jaw way!)

—FISH.



JOE — by Walker

Miscellaneous Ads

Airmen!

**Blackston's
Ltd.**

special offer!



Imitation
Diamond Rings

\$3.00

If the girl marries you,
may be exchanged for
genuine stone at rea-
sonable price.

WANTED — SALESLADY, MUST
be respectable until after Christmas.

THE LADIES OF THIS CHURCH
have cast off clothing of all kinds.
They may be seen in the basement of
the church any afternoon this week.

WANTED—SERGEANTS' MESS—
1 butcher to cut up and wait on
Sergeants.

FOR SALE—Wireless in cabinet by
elderly W O in good condition with
smooth top.

CLERK, ACCOUNTS SECTION,
desires interior decorating.

FOR SALE OR EXCHANGE — 1
Ford car with rumble seat for cattle
—heifers preferred.

WANTED — YOUNG MAN, TO
milk and look after Ford car.

• IF YOU HAVE BEEN
BORN
MARRIED
DIED
MURDERED
BECOME A FATHER
GOT ENGAGED, etc. . .

GIVE US THE NEWS
WE WANT IT

Toiner's

LIMITED

Is your wife arriving
in Canada?

**BUY HER A NEW DRESS
AS A PRESENT!**

Hundreds of Dresses
for
RIDICULOUS FIGURES!

**O.K.
Shoe Repairs**

Give us your boots
and shoes. When we
have finished, even
the closest examina-
tion will fail to show
that they have been
repaired.

... Things We Want to Know

If the new old S.W.O. is glad to be back among us?

Which Senior N.C.O. wished to give his Section Commander a pleasant surprise, and how? Were the results the same as he anticipated?

Why did one of the "Ground Loops" artistes retain the padre's collar and stock?

Was a Cookhouse Senior N.C.O. taught to collect dishes on his course, and if so, may others be sent away similarly?

What happened at Lumsden? And how did the two manage to get left behind?

Who is the LAC. "Basil", who played in goal for Mossbank? Did he really sell the game to his own colleagues?

The Officers have a pole to the right, a pole to the left and a Pole between the poles when they play Soccer, but how many other poles are there in the team?

Prices for tea on this Station range from 10 to 25 cents per week. When will

the War Time Prices and Trade Board clamp down on the tea swindlers?

Did "Caber" (ex Sports Officer) get a free transfer to his new team as a result of the Scottish disaster. And will he "play ball" with Maintenance Wing now that he is with "Everton United"?

Are the footballers playing for a place on the Station team or a seat in the P.S.I. Pullman?

What's the difference between a canoe on the creek and a berth on "the Boat"?

What caused an M.T. driver to salute so smartly during "General Salute" the other morning?

What is the name of the Corporal footballer who was literally "on his knees" during a recent game?

Have pupils been warned against landing in the Guard Room?

"Can you tell me the way to the police station, please?" said the nun to the policeman in the street.

"Sorry. No good asking me. I'm a paratroop, too."



THEME SONG—"Somebody Else Is Taking My Place."

Facts and Figures

From time to time members of the committee have received enquiries as to whether the magazine was making or losing money. It is probable that the same thought has occurred to most of you without actually being expressed, and so we feel that a few facts concerning its financial standing and policy will be of interest.

Up to the present, but not including this issue, a profit in the neighbourhood of \$750.00 has been made, and every issue so far published has produced a fair margin of profit. Expenses have been very low indeed—postage, prizes, etc., averaging less than \$5.00 per month.

You may wonder why, with one small exception when a donation of \$25.00 was made to a trust fund for a deceased airman's wife, no amounts have been disbursed to war charities, which, as you know, are to be the ultimate recipients of all profits made. The reason for this is that, in accordance with the policy determined when the magazine was first outlined, we have been building up a substantial reserve to be held against possible future losses, and, irrespective of all other factors, it is still our intention to keep at least \$500.00 in reserve to cover any eventualities.

When we commenced publication we could not foresee with any degree of accuracy just how the magazine would progress after the initial enthusiasm had abated, but now that we are nearly a year old and the magazine appears, like the mincer, to be a permanent fixture on the camp, we consider the time has come when we can commence to make donations to those causes which we had in mind at the beginning. The first will be announced in the next issue, and we have decided to take this step after due consideration of the circumstances which will deprive us of the majority of our faithful supporters in the next few months, and of the fact that at present we are unable to judge how the magazine will appeal to those who take their places.

We hope the profit to date will cause many of you to be pleasantly surprised, and we hope, too, that those of you who are able will continue to support the magazine and thereby keep the profits on the upward trend.

Have Your Copies Bound

Arrangements have been made for the binding of the first ten numbers of the "Prairie Flyer" into one complete volume.

The cost of binding will be:

In Cloth	\$2.00
In Half Leather	\$2.75

Specimen volumes will be to hand within the course of the next few days, and a place where these may be inspected will be announced in D.R.O's.

It will be necessary for all desirous of taking advantage of this offer to produce their own copies for binding.

Potted Personalities—No. 11



LAC. R. LAFFORD

A Letter to the Station's Wives

DEAR WIVES:

I should like to thank you all, through the medium of the *Prairie Flyer*, for the splendid way in which you worked for the Sale we held in aid of the R.A.F. and R.C.A.F. Benevolent Funds, and also for the very generous response to my appeal for cakes—they were all delicious and I did wish we could have flown some over to England.

The stallholders and helpers worked very hard and I thought of them all on Sunday morning and wondered if they were overtired.

We have been a very happy band of workers at the Y.W.C.A. and without such wonderful co-operation from the wives, the Sale could not have been the success it was.

The helpers at the Tea itself looked very brisk and businesslike and everything was expertly managed. Those who worked in the kitchen have my warm thanks, as it appeared to be a very hot spot in which to be.

There were very few goods left over and these will be sold privately—the proceeds going towards the Fund.

Again very many thanks for all your generous help.

Yours sincerely,

(Signed) LUCIE H. JAMES

HE WHO LAUGHS LAST

• Continued from Page 15

drew alongside, the controls were handed back to Blank and the "Big Noise" proceeded toward the cabin door. A crash and a splash and Blank perceived that the "Brass Hat" had opened the door and jumped into the sea.

P/O Blank watched the shore crew fish his passenger out of the water and, as he turned the "Cloud" slowly round for a take-off to return home, he felt much better.

The S.W.O. stopped an airman walking out of camp in brown shoes.

S.W.O.: "Where did you get them shoes?"

Erk: "I had them in private life, sir."

S.W.O.: "What were you in private life?"

Erk: "On the Stock Exchange, sir."

S.W.O.: "Did you have a silk hat as well?"

Erk: "Yes, sir."

S.W.O.: "Then why don't you wear that?"

Erk: "I don't care for a silk hat with brown shoes, sir."

HINTS FOR PILOTS

Flying calls for care as well as courage.

If the weather is very thick, it is better not to leave than to be the dear departed.

Your arrival should merely be the finish of a journey, and not the end of everything.

Method may take time, but - - - it is better to be late, Mr. Pilot, than to be the late Mr. Pilot.

To an author who had sent him a very poor production of his pen, Disraeli once wrote, politely but dubiously, "Many thanks; I shall lose no time in reading your book."

Technical Terms Illustrated



WIVES' EFFORTS APPRECIATED

Tea and Sale of Work Great Success

A well organised and highly successful Tea and Sale of Work was held on Saturday, June 6th, by the wives of this Station's personnel who are resident in Moose Jaw.

The event was held in the Canadian Legion Hall. Long before the advertised time of opening a considerable throng of people was waiting for admittance, and throughout the entire afternoon helpers were kept extremely busy serving the needs of hundreds of visitors.

Expressions of praise have been heard from many quarters for the manner in which the function was conducted, and the Station Band, which rendered selections during the afternoon, is to be congratulated on its efforts.

At the time of going to press the amount realised for the R.A.F. and R.C.A.F. Benevolent Funds has not been arrived at, but it is certain to be a considerable figure, and one which should please all the ladies who worked so hard to make the afternoon such an outstanding success.

We, of this Station, can well be proud of our wives.

PUPIL BALES OUT!

It is not often that we are thrilled by the story of a parachute descent on this station, but a u/t Pilot has the honour of being the latest one to achieve this distinction. When flying a service aircraft the other day, he was surprised to hear his instructor tell him to bale out, and without further ado he climbed out of the cockpit and made a remarkable quick drop, landing on his face. The truth of the matter is that he had been dreaming and had jumped clean out of bed! Apart from a black eye, no other injuries are apparent and he is resting well.

ANOTHER "LINE"

It is an accepted fact that airmen are apt to "shoot a line", but we think that the "heavyweight" who wrote to his former employers to the effect that he had been introduced to Joe Louis in Detroit, was taking things too far.

We are wondering if this "meeting" took place the "morning after the night before" or was it the sequel to one of his usual Saturday night orgies in the Ambassador Cafe.

Second Camp Revue

"Ground Loops"

After playing for three nights on the Station, the Camp's second revue, "Ground Loops", produced by F/O Dobree-Bell, was staged in Moose Jaw on Wednesday and Thursday, May 27 and 28. The venue was the same as for "Circuits and Bumps", the Technical School Auditorium, and, as before, all responsible succeeded in putting over a first-class show.

The Station's own artistes were ably assisted by the pupils of Mrs. Lillian M. Stevens School of the Dance, Miss Georgina Stevens, Miss Jean Miller, Mrs. Morrison, Mrs. L'Estrange and the ladies who took part in Messrs. Joyner's fashion parade.

The Elks' Club of Moose Jaw sponsored the presentation and all proceeds were earmarked for charity.

The "Times-Herald" correspondent who reported the show stated that the costuming and stage effects have not been equalled in Moose Jaw.

All concerned are to be congratulated on their efforts which provided such splendid entertainment, in spite of the many difficulties they had to overcome.

The Mighty Atom

Dead-Eye Jock of "32"

When he carries his rifle, it's difficult to tell which is the rifle. Jock only stands an inch or so over 5 ft., but he can certainly hit up a tall score with a rifle.

Corporal F. G. Honeyman—from the land o' the haggis—No. 1 Squadron, has garnered not a few bouquets shooting with the K.O.R.C. Small Bore Rifle Club.

The following is a list of the prizes he has won in the 1941-42 season:

Bronze Maple Leaf—10 targets of 10 shots on each showing 80 out of 100 or better.

Silver Maple Leaf—10 targets of 10 shots on each showing 94 out of 100 or better.

Gold Maple Leaf—10 targets of 10 shots on each showing 98 out of 100 or better.

Six Silver Tea Spoons—Score required for each spoon: 10 targets of 10 shots on each showing 100 out of 100.

Jock is not content to rest on his laurels, however, as readers will see from the following, told to a P.F. representative:

"Next competition is for a Shield, which I will have a go at if I am still in Canada during the next three months. This requires 20 targets of 10 shots on each, shot from the prone position and showing a score of 100 out of 100.

"20 targets as above shot from the sitting position and showing 98 or better out of 100.

"20 targets as above shot from the standing position and showing 96 or better out of 100.

"At the present moment I have completed the 20 targets of a possible score in the prone position and have yet to

R.O.T.B.

An advertisement appeared in the "Times-Herald" recently, asking for canoes—Apply 32 S.F.T.S. Can't we wait for the boat?

An airman recently with this unit visited a remote part of the States on leave. He was not a little surprised to be approached by one of the natives and asked if he was one of "these Greyhound Coach drivers". It came to light later that an R.A.F. uniform had never before been seen in those parts—and a good time was had by all!

It Was Necessary

A chipper young lieutenant with an eye to the future approached a notoriously grouchy brigadier-general at his club in London one day.

"Good morning, general," he saluted ingratiatingly.

"Grumpff," responded the general.

"Lovely day, isn't it?"

"Garumpff."

"General, I trust you will pardon me for speaking of such a personal matter, but I read in the papers that you buried your wife yesterday, and I want to extend my sympathy."

The general adjusted his monocle and stared at the young man for a moment. "Oh, yes—yes," he replied. "I buried my wife . . . Had to—dead, y'know."

Here is a courteous reply of the Earl of Kildare to Henry VII of England. "Why on earth did you burn down the Cathedral at Cashel?" asked the King. "I'm sorry about it," said the Earl, "but I really thought the Archbishop was inside."

Erk (arriving at camp gates): "Oh boy! It's good to be back. Nothing but war, war, war, down town."

complete the sitting and standing position targets."

His rifle is a type R. MOSSBERG 42 B .22.

INTERNATIONAL FOOTBALL MATCH—ENGLAND v. SCOTLAND



ENGLAND TEAM

BACK ROW—P/O H. J. Lewis (32 S.F.T.S., manager), AC. A. Hobbs (32 S.F.T.S.), LAC. E. Andrews (32 S.F.T.S.), AC. W. Giles (32 S.F.T.S.), AC. H. Roberts (38 S.F.T.S.), LAC. E. Stainsby (41 S.F.T.S.), LAC. H. Rathbone (32 S.F.T.S., linesman), Cpl. J. Wrightson (32 S.F.T.S., trainer).
 FRONT ROW—Cpl. H. Wakelin (38 S.F.T.S.), Cpl. C. Spilsbury (32 S.F.T.S.), LAC. R. Lafford, captain (32 S.F.T.S.), AC. E. Kelly (38 S.F.T.S.) and LAC. R. Smith (33 E.F.T.S.)



SCOTLAND TEAM

BACK ROW—P/O A. Carswell (32 S.F.T.S., manager), Sgt. W. Pirrie (34 E.F.T.S.), AC. D. Hamilton (38 S.F.T.S.), LAC. I. Campbell (32 S.F.T.S.), LAC. W. McKenzie (32 S.F.T.S.), LAC. J. Whiteford (32 S.F.T.S.), Cpl. A. Fisher (38 S.F.T.S.), LAC. J. Mackie (32 S.F.T.S., linesman), Cpl. R. Undy (32 S.F.T.S., trainer).
 FRONT ROW—LAC. J. Doyle (33 E.F.T.S.), Cpl. A. Milne, captain (38 S.F.T.S.), LAC. J. McCheyne (33 E.F.T.S.), LAC. A. Patterson (32 S.F.T.S.), LAC. R. McLeod (32 S.F.T.S.)

English Team Finds the Breaches

While Scots Lose Their Breeks

So you can't take the breeks of a Hielan' Man? Hoots, laddie, the English footballers ripped their pants off and smacked them for six!

To lose to the Sassenach by such a margin (6-0) was indeed a tragedy for Puir Auld Scotland. It was a real "Tangle o' the Isles" in which the Anglo called the tune, and he paid the piper too, which wasn't so bad, for, after all, the canny Scots got the "Siller". Sure they would have liked to have stung the mighty Southerner, but it seems the Thistles on the Prairies are too few.

History has been made by the staging of the first truly representative R.A.F. England vs. Scotland International Football Match on Canadian soil, which England won by six goals to nil. The St. Andrew's Society of Moose Jaw sponsored a local show last year which was but a mere shadow to the attendance and spectacle provided at the Central Collegiate Grounds on June 3, 1942, when a crowd of approximately 3,000 fans watched two picked teams, representative of the best in the Southern Saskatchewan Services Soccer League.

It was a miniature Old Country International. The Military Band from "32" played the English team on to the field to the strains of "Colonel Bogey", whilst Piper Tom Gillies led the Scots with "Hielan' Laddie". The playing of the National Anthem, with the players lined up immediately before the kick-off, was an impressive sight.

The combination displayed by the English side was almost as perfect in formation as their national flower—the Rose, and in full bloom too—whereas the Scottish Thistle never really took root.

Whilst the English are jubilant over their victory, which was well earned

by a good clean brand of high-class soccer, the Scots are satisfied with the gate receipts totalling to approximately 200 dollars. This sum was earmarked for the Queen's Fund for Scottish Air Raid Victims.

The Scots live for revenge, but if they are to match this English side, they will require to shorten their kilts, give more volume to the Skirl o' the Bagpipes (this puts the fear of death into the Sassenach) and sharpen the claymores a bit. But dinna fear, laddie. Ye daur nae meddle wi' the Thistle without feeling the sting sooner or later. There'll always be an England, and a Scotland too—true blue.

The public is clamouring for more and more, and other "Internationals" are contemplated.

Something in this direction will be done at a later date, but in the meantime let us pay tribute to the lads appearing in the photographs who took part in the England vs. Scotland game. Here they are in the order in which they played:

England—Walter Giles (Hull); C. Spilsbury (Manchester United A); R. Smith (Chelsea Res.); E. Kelly (Tottenham Hotspurs); R. Lafford, capt. (Birmingham); E. Hughes (Halifax Town Juniors); E. Andrews (Clapton Orient Res.); A. Hobbs (Liverpool); H. Roberts (Bury); E. Stainsby (York City) and H. Wakelin (Notts Forest Res.).

Officer in charge, P/O H. J. Lewis (Bridgend, Wales); Trainer, J. Wrightson (Sunderland); Linesman, H. Rathbone (Northwich).

Scotland—W. McKenzie (Inverness); J. Whiteford (Kilbirnie Lakeside); W. Pirrie (Motherwell); I. Campbell (Partick Thistle, Glasgow); A. Fisher (Wick); J. Doyle (Coatbridge); A. Milne (Third Lanark, Glasgow); J. McCheyne (Queen's Park, Glasgow); A. Patterson (Grangemouth) and R. McLeod (Glasgow University).

Officer in charge, P/O A. Carswell (Glasgow); Trainer, R. Undy (West Riding); Linesman, J. Mackie (Pittenweem).

Referee—P/O Douglas Thom (Harpenden, England).

Goal Scorers—H. Roberts (Bury) 4; E. Stainsby (York City) 2.

Windfall for "32"

Connor Creek Country Club to be Formed

The personnel of "32" have fallen heir to a considerable area of ground on the east side of the Moose Jaw Creek, which is to be developed as a Country Club for personnel.

This has been made possible through the generosity of Mr. George Connor, the well-known business man of Moose Jaw Transportation Company fame, who owns the land on both sides of the river immediately to the north of the Wild Animal Park.

The terrain provides excellent scope for extensive recreational and social facilities, such as bathing, boating, canoeing, concerts, etc., and such like amusements. Trees, shrubs and grass land form a little oval woodland glade where people can foregather to sit in the sunshine or shelter in the shade. Indications are that a pavilion, tables and chairs may be set up in this area which will be the centre of the club, and steps are being taken to have landing stages erected to allow people to ferry to and from the retreat by the most direct route leading off the main highway. The other entrance is on the East side of the river adjacent to the Wild Animal Park.

The site has tremendous possibilities and, situated in the Prairie, it is a veritable oasis where personnel will be able to enjoy the benefits of an attractive rural rendezvous away from the routine of military life. The Club can also be utilised as a centre for skating, etc., in winter time.

The prospect of such a Club is alluring and those responsible for furthering the project need only say, "Let's to it, lads", and in a short time Connor Creek, so named in honour of the donor, will be their "Treasured Island", a playground for pleasure which should be a land-

WANTED

Volunteers—particularly carpenters—to work in spare time, making landing stages, improving and equipping layout for Connor Creek Country Club. Names, with trade, to P/O Carswell.

FROM A LONDON NEWSPAPER

Picture a class of airmen, waiting for a lesson in mathematics—and no ordinary lesson at that. Because they were going to have a new instructor, a woman.

You can guess just how they had planned to act. They meant to rag her.

In she came. Rather nervous, but determined, she began the lesson and started to chalk up some figures on the board. Not being very experienced in this type of work, she wrote them much too small.

"Can't read, can't read," all the airmen shouted together, just too delighted to have found a legitimate grouse.

When they had finished their yelling, teacher just grinned, shrugged her shoulders and said: "It's a bit late for me to do anything—you'd better try the elementary school across the road."

That was greeted with roars of laughter, and her class has been a very happy one ever since.

* * *

Now let's take a trip over the Atlantic and hear about one of our airmen who was staying at a wayside hotel in Canada.

The airman was feeling so rotten after a very cold night that he came down stairs early in the morning to get warm.

Just as he'd got down a trapper who had been out looking at his traps came in at the door.

The English Airman took one pitying look at the icicles hanging from his moustache and said: "By jove, old man—what room did you sleep in?"

mark in the memories of years to come, so—"Here's to Happy Days at Connor Creek Country Club."

Entertainment

To some people, the only thing that sounds musical is "the Boat!", "the Boat!", "the Boat!", and the prospect of going back to those friends and ties which they cherish so dearly. The words surge in a mad crescendo in the souls of those who are ready to rush the gangway, but what of the others? Their prospects for a fuller and more genial life at "32" are brighter for the spade work of these early settlers. The amenities, facilities and services have been advanced to a high degree.

Take entertainments alone. Cast your mind back to the dark days when film shows were pushed rather than run through. Now dwell on the present. Duplicate projection machines; modern stage, fitted with all appurtenances and lighting effects; and tip-up seats, etc. The formation of a military band and a dance band; concert party—we will never forget the "Circuits and Bumps" Revue. All of this has been accomplished by the combined and voluntary efforts of the men. To those who are going, we say, "Thank you." We will do our utmost to carry on in the same spirit of progress.

Other sources (which we continue to discover) contribute to our entertainment. Yes, the appellation "Friendly City" is no idle boast. The people are always willing to do all they can to help. Our latest experience in entertainment, provided by the Moose Jaw Orchestral Society, in the Station Cinema on June 10, 1942, has been a revelation to most people on the camp. The orchestra, comprised of local ladies and gentlemen (including some of our lads), under the leadership of Mr. Earl Badger, put on a first class concert of orchestral music. Here is the programme:

"O Canada!" "War March of the Priests" (Mendelssohn). "The Fortune Teller" (Victor Herbert). Vocal Solo, Fred Newman, "Give Me the Open Road". March, "Washington Post" (Sousa). Overture, "Stradella" (Flo-tow). Vocal, Mrs. Earl Badger. Selection, "Ballet Egyptienne" (Luigini). Humorous Vocals, Sgt. Joe Towers. March, "The Vanished Army" (Alford). Spe-

cial Arrangement, "Drink to Me Only with Thine Eyes" (R. Quilter). March, "Washington Greys". "The King".

Our own revue "Ground Loops" has been reported on elsewhere, but as a matter of interest we think it worth recording that a sum in the region of \$250 was drawn at the camp performances.

Another musical treat was provided by Mr. A. J. Wickens on 28th May. Those who were privileged to hear this latest recital opine that this was the best balanced and most acceptable one yet. Mr. Wickens has the records. It's only a case of selection and blending. The overture "Zampa"; the vocal renderings of celebrated numbers by well-known artistes such as Peter Dawson, Richard Crooks, Tauber, Isobel Baillie, etc., were repeated by special request. Gilbert & Sullivan's "Trial by Jury" was on trial. The audience brought a verdict of "Guilty" and added a "Rider" that Mr. Wickens be requested to include another opera at his next recital. Popular choice indicates "H.M.S. Pinafore".

The number of people who attended the last Station dance on June 3, 1942, proves how popular these events are. It was a special evening, following the Soccer International. The players, etc., of both countries, lined up to receive specially endorsed souvenir pennants presented by Mrs. James. Fortunately for the Scots, the score was omitted from the flags. Other prize winners were LAC. Broadhouse and Mrs. Doris Tidder who won the novelty, "Holding the Baby". LAC. McCheyne (Caron), the little Scottish centre forward, was on the spot to score a winner with Miss Kay McCormack in the Spotlight Waltz.

The patrons want more. An effort will be made to stage a Grand Farewell Dance for "Auld Lang Syne" before certain of our personnel are posted.

NO DIFFICULTY

An R.A.F. pilot went on a solo flight and encountered six Messerschmitts. He attacked, brought down two and beat off the others. On his return a comrade asked, "But why didn't you send out a radio message for help?"

"Oh," he replied, "I thought you only did that when you were in difficulty."

**GOLD SEAL
FOR
GOODNESS**

**I KNOW BEER, FOLKS ...
GOLD SEAL'S MY CHOICE
EVERY
TIME!**

IN BOTTLES
OR
ON DRAUGHT

**GOOD OLD
Gold Seal
BEER**

Drawn from a barrel or poured
from a bottle, you can rely on
every drop of good old "Gold Seal"
to be fully aged—the slow, unhur-
ried, NATURAL way

DREWRY'S REGINA LTD. REGINA, SASK.
SASKATCHEWAN'S BEER SPECIALISTS

035-42

Sports CHATTER . . .

by "CABER"

"Come on kids! What di' yi say? Let's go!" We took them at their word, but after waiting for an hour we realized that the softball demons had no intention of going and so the Casuals and Corinthians took to the football field in the hope that the personal touch would force the issue. The exhibition soccer game at Lumsden was already one hour



behind schedule time, and there was no immediate prospect of the diamond devotees going. Even Referee Rathbone's threat to call the sheriff went unheeded and the game started with the players chasing the ball around the outfielders. It was a case of "fifty-fifty with the fighting forces." Fortunately, before the game had gone long, the "kids" concluded that soccer was a bigger hindrance to softball than softball to soccer.

The Lumsden trip was quite an adventure. It certainly savoured of missionary work in the soccer field—the first game in years around those parts. Our lads should be in good condition after pushing the 'bus up the hills, or did they actually push? Quite a few, who were turned out to reduce the load, were observed hanging on the back of the vehicle. The dance, which concluded the sports (or the sports which were carried on in the dance hall!), was a real "peppy" affair. To be landed with some of the jitterbug jinks was like a spell on the cake-walk!

It's amazing what lads will do for a game of soccer. It's quite a common sight in the Old Country to see them knocking a ball around at a corner site, but not in Canada—at least not until the R.A.F. arrived. Those who are unaccustomed to the game marvel more at the aptitude displayed in heading the ball than in any other movement. As to conditions—concrete or mud will do. Take the Officers against the Pupilefs. This was a real gumbo gala with all the accompanying effects—thunder, lightning and lashings of rain. As the game progressed, a foot or two here and there, a hefty clearance would carry the dough-ball a matter of yards and throw-ins reminded one of putting the shot.

The Tartan was badly torn in the England vs. Scotland National, which is reported elsewhere, but the Scots hope

• Continued on page 33

Station Soccer League Standings

Team	P.	W.	L.	D.	Goals		Pts.
					For	Against	
GRIFFONS	6	4	0	2	15	2	10
JAYBEES	7	5	2	0	17	10	10
PENSIONERS	6	4	1	1	16	5	9
GALLEONS	6	4	2	0	18	6	8
IONITES	5	3	2	0	13	5	6
DEMONS	5	3	1	2	8	6	6
HOTSPURS	5	2	3	0	4	11	4
PUPILEFS	3	1	1	1	1	0	3
KAYANDELLES	4	1	2	1	6	9	3
PUPILEES	2	1	0	0	2	5	2
SERGEANTS	4	1	3	0	11	10	2
OFFICERS	5	1	4	0	3	15	2
GUNNERS	4	0	3	1	6	11	1
NORLITES	3	0	2	1	3	7	1
OPTIMISTS	3	0	3	0	0	23	0

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Sports Chatter

• *Continued*

to weave a heavier plaid for the next joust. There has been a suggestion, indeed an overwhelming demand, that further Internationals should be held. We think there is a reasonably good prospect of this. So far as "32" goes, we are all for anything which will bring forward the best, and we know that the people in Moose Jaw are very enthusiastic, as is evidenced by the number attending the Services League games. Nomads of Caron are still top-dogs with our own Casuals holding second place. It's a long way to the end of the season, and there's every prospect of one of our teams finishing on top. We have sampled or seen the strength of the other league teams, and we think there's an even chance for all, apart from the R.C.A.F., Mossbank — these Canadians have put up some spirited shows. After all, it's the recreation

and enjoyment which means most, as we well know when it comes to ice hockey.

The change in the status at Caron has left us uninformed as to what will become of the Nomads and the Wanderers, but there are indications that both teams, or at least the Nomads, will carry on. We hope so. These "Nomads" are no "Wanderers" when it comes to finding the short land route to goal. We actually thought that it was all up for Caron and so a "Total War" game was arranged, which "32" won 1-0.

The Station League has been extended to 15 teams, by the admission of the Optimists. The formation of teams seems to have made for a more even distribution of players. The Griffons, at the peak, have pinned down most of their opponents, but their claws are not too sharp. Ask the Jaybees—they are also in the rarer atmosphere, sitting in the second place.

Southern Saskatchewan Service Soccer League Standings

Team	P.	W.	L.	D.	Goals		Pts
					For	Against	
NOMADS (33 E.F.T.S.)	3	3	0	0	5	2	6
CASUALS (32 S.F.T.S.)	5	3	2	0	15	5	6
ESTEVAN (38 S.F.T.S.)	3	2	0	1	9	5	5
WEYBURN (41 S.F.T.S.)	3	1	2	0	7	4	2
CORINTHIANS (32 S.F.T.S.)	4	1	3	0	3	6	2
WANDERERS (33 E.F.T.S.)	2	0	0	1	4	7	1
MOSSBANK (2 A. & N.S.)	3	0	3	0	1	12	0

A CHINESE REJECTION SLIP

Illustrious Brother of the Sun and Moon:

Behold thy servant prostrate before thy feet! I kowtow to thee and beg of thy graciousness thou mayest grant that I may speak and live. Thine honoured manuscript has deigned to cast the light of its august countenance upon me. With raptures I have perused it. By the bones of mine ancestors! Never have I encountered such wit, such pathos, such lofty thought. With fear and trembling I return the writing. Were I to publish the treasure thou hast sent me, the Emperor would order that it be made a standard of excellence and that none be published except such that equalled it. Knowing literature as I do, and that it would be impossible in ten thousand years to equal what thou hast done I am sending thy writing back by guarded servants.

Ten thousand times I crave thy pardon.

Behold! My head is at thy feet and I am but dust.

Thy servant's servant,

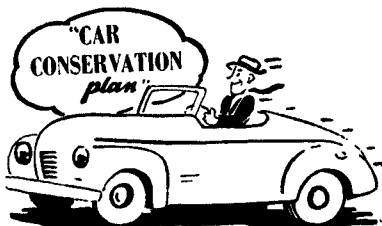
WANG CHIN, *Editor.*

A stitch in time saves wearing an R.C.A.F. button.
A tunic in hand is worth two on a deficiency chit.
The early bird eats a lonely breakfast.

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• SECTION NEWS

+ Life in the SICKERY

We notice that our Freddy has been troubled with "Rheumatics" a lot lately, and we cannot understand why he fiddled around so long instead of playing into our hands.

Footballers' Knee is a very popular complaint at present and seems to be very much in the limelight; however, all the cases appear to have been cured satisfactorily.

Lost—One of our oldest customers hasn't been seen in the vicinity of the Sickery for at least one week. Reward of two courses of "Lamp Treatment" for information that will lead us to trace him. (The S.M.O. has not slept a wink since this client failed to put in his regular appearance.) Here is a brief description of the missing patient: Tall and dark, rather sinister looking, but very scholastic in appearance, may be seen to limp slightly, and walks with a stoop. Get out your spies, chaps, and return the lost one to the fold.

How does one get a stiff neck? This is the burning question. A certain N.C.O. can supply first hand information to all who are interested. It's quite a handy thing to have and is usually the means of obtaining at least three days' Light Duty.

Who is "WASCANA WILLIE" and how did he come to get this name?

A Sergeant had a letter from the City Engineer the other day to say that he was drinking too much "Nat" water. We wonder who it was?

Our blonde laddie from Warrington is saving up to take his girl home to the Old Country—he wants her to meet the family, you betcher!

Joe is getting very ambitious these days, growing a moustache and writing home for permission to get spliced. He'll start coming in before midnight next!

Tiny Smith is very worried. He can't make up his mind whether or not to tie the knot. He's just wasting away with worry, so we have decided to get the M.O. to give him a "pep" talk.

Isn't Scotty's sports coat a smasher, eh? We notice Alf has one exactly like it, too.

We have given "Gus" a jab to prevent him suffering from loss of memory whilst performing in public on future occasions. We only hope it isn't too effective.

Latest gen. flash just received:

"Mac slaps down Chinaman."

Well, that's all for now, chaps.

Minors' Monthly

A visitor to the "Minors" section, (situated, we would remind all tractor drivers, at the North end of No. 4 Hanger) in the forenoon of any day except Sunday, would well imagine himself in a second "Dante's Inferno". All of which is caused by the necessity of (in the words of the A.P.) "Removing heater box and intensifier pipe—Auth. S.E.O." All would-be and aspiring blacksmiths are invited to call on us and pit their mighty-sinews-in-brawny arms against obstinate intensifier pipes.

Who is our "Flying Fitter" and does he hold a record for removing plugs? Was he aghast recently to discover after beating his own record from "cowlings off" to the yell, "Plug key, Corp!" that a rival kite's fitter was already at the

plug box? And, finally, did his diminutive "mate" prevent him from jumping from the trestle in despair?

We hear that our "five-feet-five-and-a-half-inch-of-sunshine" has a padre's job as his goal, and is exercising his voice every morning in a certain drying room. We shall have to find a new "Title" for him.

This group has a fine band of all-in wrestlers in the making. The early morning struggle for possession of step-ladders, trestles and trays is most certainly "all-in" without any trace of "Queensbury" rules. The other morning one of the lads was heard to remark, "I really do think some quarter should

• Continued on following page

More Than a Man Can Stand

I'm tired of hearing of back-ache pills,
And how to cure my numerous ills;
Of the jelly with the locked-in flavour,
And a certain comedian's mean behaviour;
Of the blending of coffee and how it is made,
And the oft-sung songs of the "Hit Parade":
The programme is finished, I sit back with ease—
Then *she* asks for that package of chewing gum, please!

—T. S. M. G.

MINORS' MONTHLY

• *Continued*

be given to the smaller fellows, or more equipment provided!"

Congratulations to our two proud fathers who have qualified to go solo down Main Street. We believe, however, that their wives still insist on taking over at intersections!

Our soccer team continues to make a good showing. Keep up the good work,

lads! We hear that one of our ex-boys would like to form a baseball team, but since he is the only one who understands the rules of "Rounders", we fear his ambitions will not be realised. Should a sufficient number be interested in the game, Willie would gladly pass on the gen and form a team.

Since acquiring an assistant for our broom-pushing spells, we now devote much of our spare time to "chamois-ing" "Moths"—just keeping our hands in for the day we return to "Ops". The rivalry between the Majors and the Minors for the privilege of looking after these model aircraft is really keen.

E. R. Eaton

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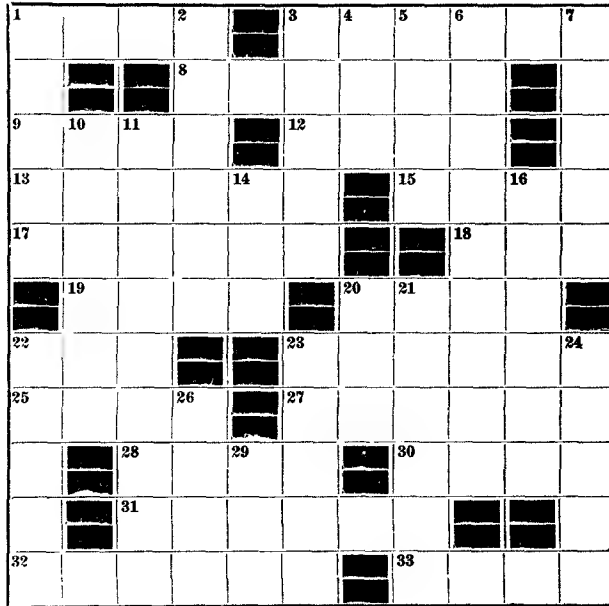
LAC. F. S. FIRTH,
Hut "N", 32 S.F.T.S.,
Moose Jaw.

Crossword Competition—No. 11

The Editor offers a prize of \$1.00 to the sender of the first correct solution opened. Send your entry to arrive before July 1, 1942, to

"The Prairie Flyer",
No. 32, S.F.T.S.,
Moose Jaw,

marking the envelope "X-word".



Clues Across

1. By all accounts Cleopatra was one.
3. Point blank.
8. Tell.
9. Mineral.
12. Idol.
13. A bathroom with this would most probably not deliver h. and c. (two words).
15. Often destructive.
17. Alludes.
18. Short man.
19. Table.
20. Short engine component.
22. Indian title.
23. Fishes.
25. Greek letter.
27. Treble.
28. Preposition.
30. Exhibit.
31. Two-thirds of this position is a short man.
32. Ridicule.
33. Mark.

Clues Down

1. Mask.
2. Talks idly.

3. Flights.
4. Boy.
5. Above.
6. "Great help" (anagram).
7. Kilns.
10. Nervous (two words).
11. "Fated Site" (anagram).
14. Famous vessel.
16. Artful.
20. Railway.
21. Gets up.
22. Assists.
23. The centre of this rock is weighty.
24. Pipe and needleworker.
26. Against.
29. Mixed up in 23 across.

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Can YOU Solve These?

1. The Flight Sergeant was very angry with "X" Flight. The drawing on the blackboard was altogether too realistic.

"It wasn't one of us, Flight," said Jones. "It was one of those fools in 'Y' Flight."

"You know I can't draw," protested Smith. "It wasn't I."

"It was Tommy Brown," said Robinson. "You know you chewed him up yesterday. That was why he did it."

"Jones is right," said Green. "It was 'Y' Flight. They're always doing something like that."

"It wasn't at all," piped Jackson. "It's done in blue chalk. Jimmy James is the only one with blue chalk. It must have been him."

"Well, anyway, it wasn't Billy Williams this time," said Billy Williams' best friend. "He wasn't here yesterday."

Only one of this nice bunch of fellows was telling the truth and only one drew the cartoon. Can you determine by deduction who was telling the truth and who drew the cartoon.

2. Here is a riddle in rhyme:

Two brothers we are; great burdens we share;
By some we are heavily pressed;
We're full all the day but truthfully may say
We're empty when we go to rest.

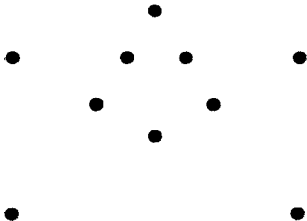
3. The names of six famous people who distinguished themselves in different ways are given below in jumbled form. Can you untangle them:

R R O O I I E E L L G D V S (a scientist).
R R T T T S S A E I O C W L (a novelist).
O O L L L D D E E B A R N P W (a soldier).
R R L L D O S T I E (a surgeon).
R R E E E K N J O M (a composer)
I I D D G R A U R P L Y N K (a poet).

ANSWERS NEXT MONTH

SOLUTIONS TO LAST MONTH'S PUZZLES

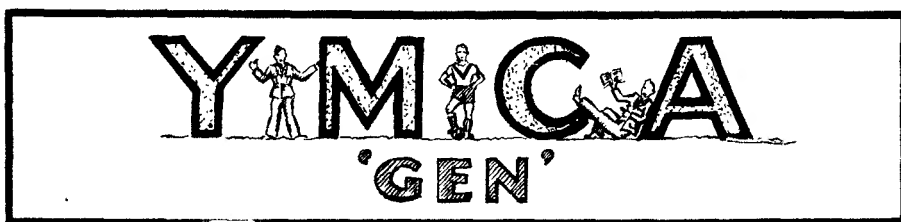
1. Brown **knew** he had a blue cross on his head. **Had it been a white cross** both Jones and Smith would have known immediately that they were wearing blue crosses because if either of them had had a white cross then one or the other of them would have seen two white crosses and, consequently, would not have put up his hand. As all three shot up their hands and neither of the other two was able to deduce **immediately** that they were wearing blue crosses, the very fact of their hesitation proved to Brown that each of them could see two blue crosses, one of which was on his (Brown's) forehead.



2. The diagram on the left shows how AC. Plonk was able to arrange the 10 aircraft so that there appeared to be five lines of four.

3. The lily would take 16 days to cover the pond.

(Contributions for this page will be welcomed by the Editor.)



SOFTBALL

No. 32 Enters Senior Softball League in Moose Jaw

The "Flyers" from No. 32 got off to a poor start in the opening game of the League, when they were beaten by Johnstone Dairies 15-4. It might be mentioned in defence of the "Flyers" that the Johnstone Dairies team is thought to be the strongest team in the league. Players Goodwin, Lillico and Stan Preston fielded brilliantly for our boys. Dick Ireland opened the pitching and a good job behind the bat was done by "Red" Lilly, who did the receiving.

In the second game, against Prairie Airways, the airmen ran into a few costly errors in the outfield to lose again by a wide margin. Only the expert manner in which Goodwin, Cook and Lillico played in the infield kept the score down. With the bat, Goodwin was the "big gun", coming through with a terrific homer. The hero of the Prairie Airways team was Kemp Healey, who outpitched Stan Preston and Kaspar Eros to put the game in the bag for the Airways, and then scored two runs at bat.

The third game, against Union 177, was a "heart-breaker" for the airmen, who early in the game had piled up a

lead of five runs only to lose in the closing innings to the hard batting of their rivals. The batting stars of the night were Goodwin and Preston, who came through with three hits each, being at bat three times.

A big shake-up was made in the fourth game of the series, against Johnstone Dairies, with Cook, Lillico and Dick Ireland going to the outfield and turning in a "three star" performance. In this game the infield was handled by Eros, Goodwin, Merriott and Reid. Preston did the pitching with Eros taking over the mound in the latter part of the game. Merriott made a nice homer, adding colour to the playing of the "Flyers".

The team manager, Mr. Walling, believes that the shake-up in the team's playing positions on June 1st will greatly enhance the chances of the "Flyers" taking their next game. They haven't had a win yet, but they are certainly in there trying.

* * *

(I am indebted to AC.1 Cook, the team captain, for much of the information in the above notes.)

ERIC WALLING,
Y.M.C.A. Supervisor.

Y.M.C.A. FILM SCHEDULE

Tuesday, June 16—"LA CONGA NIGHTS", starring Hugh Herbert, Constance Moore, Dennis O'Keefe.
 Friday, June 19—"A YANK IN THE R.A.F.", starring Tyrone Power and Betty Grable.
 Sunday, June 21—"DIAMOND FRONTIER", starring Victor McLaglen, Anne Nagel and Phillip Dorn.
 Tuesday, June 23—"HIS GIRL FRIDAY", starring Cary Grant, Rosalind Russell, Ralph Bellamy.
 Friday, June 26—"YOU CAN'T HAVE EVERYTHING", starring Alice Faye, Ritz Brothers and Don Ameche.
 Sunday, June 28—"GOOD GIRLS GO TO PARIS", starring Melvyn Douglas and Joan Blondell.
 Tuesday, June 30—"TIGHT SHOES", starring Broderick Crawford, Leo Carillo, John Howard and Binnie Barnes.
 Friday, July 3—"CHARTER PILOT", starring Lloyd Nolan and Lynn Bari.
 Sunday, July 5—"FLAME OF NEW ORLEANS", starring Marlene Dietrich and Bruce Cabot.
 Tuesday, July 7—"BANK DICK", starring W. C. Fields, F. Pangborn and Una Merkel.
 Friday, July 10—"STRAIGHT, PLACE AND SHOW", starring Ritz Brothers and Ethel Merman.
 Sunday, July 12—To be announced later.
 Tuesday, July 14—"SO YOU WON'T TALK", starring Joe E. Brown, Frances Robinson, etc.

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Capitol Theatre Schedule

June 15, 16, 17	- "Tortilla Flat"	Spencer Tracy, Hedy LaMarr
June 18, 19, 20	- "Courtship of Andy Hardy"	Mickey Rooney, Lewis Stone
June 22, 23	- "We Were Dancing"	Norma Shearer, Melvyn Douglas
June 24, 25, 26, 27	- "My Favorite Blonde"	Bob Hope, Madeline Carroll
June 28, 29, 30	- "Jungle Book" (Kipling's)	Sabu
July 2, 3, 4	- "On the Beat"	George Formby
July 6, 7	- "Larceny Inc."	Edward G. Robinson
July 8, 9, 10, 11	- "My Gal Sal"	Rita Hayworth, Victor Mature
July 13, 14, 15	- "Juke Girl"	Ann Sheridan, Ronald Regan
July 16, 17, 18	- "The Spoilers"	Marlene Dietrich, John Wayne

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